THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S STORY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Since you're all hearin' down on me, an' won't let me up without it,
I'll tell you a story, provided you'll let me follow my plan;
Nor I shan't fly the track, although you choose to doubt it,
But push ahead to my station as fast as ever I can.

Company please excuse me for all my feelin' an' shiggin',
Likewise from whistlin' at cressin's, or haltin' to explain;
Never was on the explain—it gets a man's drivers to slippin',
Wherefore a fellow loses as much as he ever'll gain.

Johnnie McGee was my fireman; a fine young fellow as ever
Planted his hoof on a footboard or swore at sulphury coal;
Always at his place; an' pleasant, an' kind, an' clever,
Without any gauge on his pocket, or steam-brake onto his soul.

Johnnie he had a wife; she somehow must've bewitched him,
For she was old an' ugly—how old I do not know;
The boys was always a-wonderin' as how she ever had switched him;
But it was dead sure certain, for she had the orders to show.

Twenty times he had slipped her, an' left the old gal behind him;
Twenty times she had followed, an' stuck to him like a bur;
Wherever he might run she was al'ays sure to find him,
For, poor old girl, she loved him, although he didn't her.

All the legal remedies that surfeited folks is tryin',
Johnnie held in horror, an' sent her half his pay;
An' though the lawyers offered a square divorce for the buyin',
He made no strike for freedom, except to keep out of her way.

But when Johnnie fired with me he was feelin' somewhat better,
An' somehow had an idea he'd nothing more to fear;
For he'd had nothing from her—not even the ghost of a letter—
As he in confidence told me—for something more than a year;

Till just as we was a-startin', one night, from a one-horse station,
She climbed up onto the footboard, a-lookin' wrinkled an' wan,
An' went for John, an' hugged him an' kissed him like all creation,
An' the more he tried to shake her the more the old gal hung on.

Break-Neck bridge is a high one—a hundred foot from the bottom;
Nothin' when you've lighted, except the rock an' sand;
An' just as we struck the center, as if the Old Boy had got 'em,
They both went off together before I could raise a hand.

Off in the pitch-black darkness they both on 'em went a-flyin';
Off in the pitch-black darkness they both pulled out for death;
An' when we found 'em, the woman was down on the rocks a-dyin',
An' John had catched on a timber, all bruised an' out of breath.

Now I said, when I opened my valves, perhaps you wouldn't believe me,
Though why you shouldn't I'm certain is more than I can think,
For eyes is eyes, an' mine don't often go to deceive me,
An' I've never doused my headlight in any kind o' drink.

But Johnnie laid off a month, an' much us fellows missed him;
But when at last he was able to make his run once more,
The ghost of a wrinkled woman climbed up in the cab an' kissed him,
An' when we came to "the Break-Neck," went off as *she* did before.

An' so this singular woman ran down on us all summer;
Every once in a short time she'd dash upon us quick,
Till John remarked to me: "There's no 'scapin' from her;
I'll have to jump the engine; I'm gettin' tired an' sick."

An' John he wrote to me: "If I can believe my senses,
I see my wrinkled woman wherever I may go;
For ghosts are regular deadheads, an' clear of all expenses;
I'm goin' to blow my brains out, an' try an' get a show."

From which I've learned this lesson: Be sure an' never try for't
To run from a desperate woman you have treated wrong;
She'll follow you up and catch you, although she has to die for't,
An' though you run to the Devil, she'll manage to go along.
—*Railway Age.*

THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

An Account by the Only Living Man Who Survived It—The Most Terrible Episode of Santa Anna's Invasion of Texas—A Mexican Woman Who Saved 150 Lives by Strategy—A Strange Tale of Treachery and Cruelty.

Santa Anna invaded Texas in February, 1836, with 10,000 men. The army entered by two routes; the larger division, commanded by Santa Anna, going from New Leon, crossed the river at the Presidio del Rio Grande, and, taking the main road, made forced marches toward San Antonio el Bexar. The other division, under Gen. Don Jose Urea, ex-Governor of Durango, crossed the Rio Grande at or near the city of Matamoras, and entered Texas at San Patricio, on the Rio de las Nueces.

The two sections advanced, having several engagements, marked by cruel slaughter. Col. Fannin was at Goliad, thirty miles distant, with Texan troops. The fortress of Goliad stood on an eminence. It was a large square building of stone, inclosing about an acre. It was rather a series of buildings, having an arsenal, a barrack, and a church. It had three bastions of solid masonry, two of which were turreted. The place had a formidable appearance, but was not really so, as the walls were thin, having been designed to resist the attacks of Indians only. Two or three good field-pieces could have breached any section of the structure, save the bastions, in an hour. Fannin's force in the place amounted to not more than 325 men. The country was open, and an army could march past it on either side unmolested.

When Gen. Urea reached Goliad, instead of besieging he marched around, crossing the San Antonio river above. Fannin then set fire to the fortress, and began his retreat toward Guadalupe Victoria, but soon surrendered. The terms offered by Urea were: That the Texans should be received and treated as prisoners of war; that private property should be respected and restored; that the side-arms of the officers should be given up; that the men should be sent to Capano, and thence in eight days to the United States, and that the officers should be paroled. No written copy of this agreement was ever found; but Capt. Shackleford, said it was reduced to writing in both languages. He made this assertion in my presence at Goliad on the day of the massacre. But, written or unwritten, the stipulations should have been equally binding. There is no kind of doubt that the Mexican officers destroyed the documents.

BEFORE THE MASSACRE.

Fannin and his fellow-prisoners were then remanded to Goliad, and Gen. Urea went to Victoria. The prisoners were huddled at Goliad into the old church, a place not half large enough for them, with but one window that I can remember. They were kept there two days, and then allowed to go out into the open area of the fort.

On the 23d of March Miller's command, to which I belonged, reached Golind. The company consisted of seventy men, who had been captured at Capano. We were allowed to mingle freely with the other prisoners, but were assigned separate quarters at nightfall. Next day Ward's battalion, which had escaped from the Mission, and had been captured near the Guadalupe river, were brought into Goliad, making in all nearly 500 prisoners.

On the morning of our arrival at Goliad, we met two gentlemen and a squad of lancers. One of the gentlemen was Col. Fannin, who, although wounded, was on horseback; the other was Col. Holzinger, a Mexican artillery officer. Fannin said he had fought a hard battle on the 19th, and had surrendered upon honorable terms the next morning. He was then on his way to Capano, to procure a vessel to transport his men to New Orleans. This is proof positive that Fannin surrendered upon honorable terms, and not at discretion, as Santa Anna always insisted, and, doubtless, believed. I have read Urea's dispatch to Santa Anna from near Victoria, in which he gives a full account of his proceedings since leaving the Rio Grande, tells of all prisoners at Goliad, but says not one word about any agreement with Fannin relative to terms of surrender, leaving the Commander-in-Chief in the belief that Fannin surrendered at discretion. I know, from Almonte's diary, that this is the only dispatch received by Santa Anna from Urea since he had left the Rio Grande.

The courier from Santa Anna arrived at Goliad on the 26th, having left San Antonio the morning of the same day, distant 100 miles. Don J. N. Partilla, the commandante, glanced at the superscription, then at the black seal bearing the President's arms, an upright arm and dagger, with the legend, "Mano y Clavo," and sat down on his camp stool to read the missive, uttering something like a groan. Its purport was that he had certain prisoners in charge, that he knew what his duty was, and must execute that duty and promptly rejoin his commander. Partilla threw down the dispatch in disgust. "Duty, indeed," he muttered, leaning his head upon the table.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

A young woman entered the room, took up the letter, and read it through from beginning to end. Partilla looked up and discovered the intruder with the dispatch in her hand.

"I see you have been reading my dispatch," said the commandant.

"So I have. I came here with that very purpose," she replied.

"I suppose you know what it means?"

"I understand its meaning perfectly. It means the death of every American now in Goliad. I have watched for the courier since daybreak, and was resolved to know the contents of his dispatch at any peril. What are your intentions?"

"To obey the President's instructions to the letter."

"There is one company among the prisoners in there of whose capture the President could not have been advised when he wrote that dispatch. I mean the men from Capano."

"I don't know that."

"Suppose you assume that he was not aware of their presence. He does not mention the company in his letter."

"Well, what then? It would only prolong their lives for a few days."

"Promise me that you will do as I wish. Much can be done in five days. I have friends near the President whom he cannot afford to disoblige; nor can they well afford to slight me. Promise me this, and Francisco, my husband's orderly, shall start for Bexar to-night."

"It shall be as you desire. They call me Indian, Senora Alavesque; but were I President I would not write that letter for all the lands your father owns; not for all the gold that ever passed the mint of Mexico."

The Colonel leaned his bronzed Aztec face upon the table, weeping like a child.

Donna Pachita Alavesque, a lovely woman of 20, was the wife of a Colonel of the Mexican army, a man of great wealth and power. She had followed him to Texas, partly from whim, but chiefly in the hope of doing good. Her visit that night to the commander saved seventy lives.

Col. Partilla sent a courier that night at 9 o'clock to Victoria, informing Gen. Urea of the receipt of Santa Anna's note, and of the plan he should pursue. He also informed him of his intention in respect to the company to be reserved.

THE LAST NIGHT.

On that same evening the rumor got abroad among the prisoners inside the fortress that the Commander-in-Chief had been heard from, and that all would march in the morning for Capano, where ships were waiting to transport us to New Orleans. Nearly all were young men, most of whom had pleasant homes, and friends who would welcome them home with joy. Many were singing gleeful songs, or telling pleasant stories and talking of their friends. A young man asked some one, apparently among Ward's men, if he remembered Jack Fellows—I think that was the name. The answer was "Yes." And the first voice continued: "Do you mind how he used to sit up there on the bastion evenings and sing and talk of his mother and sisters at home?"

"I do right well. That chap used to make me cry sometimes."

"Well, he'll never sing any more. He's as dead as Julius Cæsar. He was the first man killed at the Encinal. Poor fellow! I helped to bury him in the ditch. I wish he was here to-night." A flute in the hands of a skillful performer had been playing all the evening such airs as "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home." Every one around me appeared to be happy, and spoke in pleasant tones. At length all the voices were silent, and nothing was heard but the cries of the Indian sentries as they paced rapidly to and fro on the walls yelling in most unearthly accents, "Centinella Alerta!" "Centinella—" something else, which I have long ago forgotten. At daylight the reveille consisted simply of a few drum taps and a bugle blast. Soon lines were formed and the rolls called. There were no soldiers inside the fort, only a few officers, who were counting the prisoners, and making preparations of some sort in a very quiet way. Now and then something was said about the early release and departure of the prisoners; about the necessity for slaughtering beeves, and other preparations for a voyage.

Soon a number of prisoners, I should say at least 150, moved out of the main gateway, in the direction of the southern bastion. An officer came up to where we were standing in line and ordered us to move. As we passed through the gateway, the party that had gone out ahead of us were turning the corner of the fortress, going apparently toward the river. We turned the opposite way, and entered a small peach orchard, where we were told to sit down on the grass and keep quiet.

THE COWARDLY CRIME.

On one side of this orchard, facing the Matamoras road, was a line of officers' tents. The other side was protected by a cactus hedge, beyond which was an old graveyard, much dilapidated. The western side was an open prairie, with here and there a tree. The rest of the prisoners then came out of the fort, one-half going three or four hundred yards westward along the Matamoras road, and the others in the direction we had taken. The latter passed up the road, and, turning round the orchard hedge, halted just beyond the graveyard. A line of soldiers marched on either side. A tall young fellow walked at the head of this party, with a Mexican blanket about his shoulders. He looked toward us, smiling pleasantly. I had conversed with him the day previous, when he spoke hopefully of an early departure for his home in Pennsylvania. This party had barely turned the cactus hedge when a prolonged roar of musketry was heard in the direction of the river beyond the fort. The cry then arose among our men that they were shooting the prisoners. The firing was kept up for several minutes, and then it died away in occasional shots. The firing commenced at the graveyard. The intervening bushes prevented our seeing anything save the occasional gleam of a bayonet, but I could hear the trampling of feet and the shouts and groans of dying men distinctly.

Meanwhile my attention was directed to the party that had marched out on the road in front of the fort. They were in plain view. Some accounts of this massacre say that the prisoners were shot while in sitting postures. This was not the fact as to the party coming under my notice. They halted when fairly out on the open prairie, the soldiers forming a line facing down the road. The prisoners were then placed in a single line facing the soldiers. The soldiers then faced the prisoners, and at the command leveled their pieces, and each soldier fired at the man directly in front of him. About a third of the prisoners fell, others stood apparently astounded until bayoneted, but about 40 of them ran in various directions. Not one of these fugitives escaped, however, as all were pursued and either sabered by the dragoons or killed by the lancers.

THE MURDER OF THE WOUNDED.

The wounded prisoners, about thirty in number, were murdered in the open area, inside the fortification. Maj. Dominguez, a yellow, pink-eyed man, a refugee from San Domingo, had charge of the massacre. He obtained it by request, being a friend of Gen. Garay. This is the man, who, at Agua Dulce, caused Capt. Grant to be placed on the back of a wild horse, with a lasso round his neck. The horse was then whipped till, maddened, he dashed away, dragging Capt. Grant through a thorny chaparral. Grant was left dead upon the ground and mangled in a horrible manner. This miscreant that morning hacked a wounded boy to death while the lad was on his knees praying. He and his assistants then stabbed the wounded men to death, first dragging them from the hospital floor.

Meanwhile, Father Maloney, the curate of San Patricio, pushed the three American physicians and their assistants into the vestry, and shut the door. He had hardly done so when Senora Pachita Alavesque entered, and asked if they were still alive. The priest answered that they were still alive, but that he expected Dominguez for them every moment. "Give him this note," she said, "and if he dares to treat it with disrespect, he shall never pass that door alive." Soon Dominguez entered. "Show him the note, Father," said Pachita. Dominguez read the note, which was signed "Garay," and it directed that the three physicians and their assistants should be reserved from execution. Dominguez walked away with an air of disappointment.

The last assassination was that of Col. Fannin. The Colonel, being wounded, was led out and sealed on a chair. An interpreter, Capt. Splan, had been left for the purpose of explaining anything the Colonel might have to say. The Colonel took from his pocket a letter and his watch, and asked that they be sent to his wife. He then handed the officer some doubloons, which he begged him to accept, requesting that he would have him shot through the heart and decently buried. All this was promised, the officer pocketing the money. Fannin was then blindfolded, shot through the head, his clothes stripped off, and the body dragged out through the main gateway, and left lying on the grass.

After Fannin was murdered, the officer ordered Splan to take his seat in the chair, as he was also going to shoot him. Capt. Splan replied that he had been reserved as an interpreter.

"We have no futher use for interpreters now," said the officer, "all the Americans have been shot. Take your seat."

At that critical moment, an officer with whom Splan had a slight acquaintance was passing. Splan hailed him, and they commenced talking about the execution of Fannin, which had just taken place. Becoming impatient, the officer ordered Splan once more to take the chair. The officer told the commander of the firing party that he would be responsible for Splan, and, taking him by the arm, they walked away together. The officer conducted the Captain to where he was stationed, and then left him to seek the commander. It was here, from Capt. Splan's own lips, that I learned the particulars of Fannin's death. He had scarcely finished his narrative when an orderly came up and told him that he was wanted by the commander. He bade us an affectionate adieu, saying he had no doubt that he was going to be shot, and walked off with the orderly. Happily, he was mistaken. The next morning he was started off to Matamoras with a returning provision train.

PLUNDERING THE SLAIN.

The soldiers stripped the clothing from the dead bodies of their victims, and, making a bundle of their gory vestments, hung them on their bayonets, and thus marched back to their quarters. As they came past where we were, one fellow raised his gun, shaking his bloody bundle at us. Some of them got bank-notes out of the prisoners' clothes, of the value of which they knew nothing. That afternoon a man came to our quarters and offered a twenty-dollar United States bank note for fifty cents. He succeeded in effecting a sale. A lancer came with a pair of boots hanging to his saddle, which he offered for "dos reals." Davy Strong wanted boots very badly, and thought they would fit him. Many of the men cried out "shame" to Davy, but he paid the money and pulled them on.

The bodies of the murdered men were burnt at the place where they died. The cremation occupied three or four days. Whatever may have been the motive for this, the result was beneficial, as it spared us from the stench that would have arisen.

Eight days after the massacre an order arrived at Goliad to shoot the remaining prisoners, but before it could be carried into effect it was countermanded. And this, Don Manuel Talsa told me, was the result of Senora Alavesque's influence at headquarters.

About the close of April following Senora Alavesque came to our quarters one day with the Don, her husband, who looked like a good-hearted man, but dreadfully stiff and dignified. Pachita bade us all good-by, and said she was going home to Durango. There was a very handsome young Kentuckian named Allen in our company, who used to talk in French with the Senora. On taking her final departure Allen was the last man she spoke to. It was plain to me, boy that I was, as I watched their parting, that there was a special cause for her great interest in our fate.

Allen was young, about 25, a blue-eyed, handsome fellow, with a quiet, well-bred air. The Senora was hardly 20, a black-eyed, high-bred beauty. God bless her. She saved my life and the lives of my companions. Senor Alavesque was a man of middle age, a self-contained, quiet person, who was never seen without his cigarette.

A Mean Device.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mr. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a $10 bill, and, as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darning, I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and, as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."—*Washington Chronicle.*

A Destructive Stroke of Lightning

A violent thunder storm lately occurred at Valbonne, a large plain near Lyons, in France. The only objects struck were huts full of soldiers and arms. The occupants of the first tent were absent at the moment the lightning struck it, and the only effect was the breaking of stones and dispersing of dust. In the second instance, a soldier, who was standing erect in front of the tent, was struck; the tent was situated in the neighborhood of an electric telegraph, on which the lightning escaped, firing the wires and breaking a dozen poles. The third bolt struck a number of tents placed in a zigzag line, doing much damage, and either killing or wounding several of the occupants. In one tent three men were killed and seven wounded. All of them were either touched in both legs or on the right side except one, who was wounded in the right eye. In another tent four men were wounded, all of them in the left leg, and some in both. In other instances men were turned around in or thrown out of their beds. In oil of these cases the men were lying on their beds, made of iron, and the sentry standing in front remained unhurt. In one tent a man who was lying between two comrades who were killed escaped unhurt. The uniforms of the soldiers were perforated and stained with small spots; one spot, four centimetres in diameter, was entirely sulphurized.

A MAD DOG'S BITE.

How it Feels, and How a Mad-Stone Works.

Capt. D. J. Bunce, of Mechanicsville, Cedar county, writes to the Iowa City *Press* of his misfortune in being bitten by a mad dog, and of his subsequent search for a mad-stone to cure the bite. He says:

"I was bitten on Saturday, July 1, on the left wrist, by a small dog, which I did not, at the time, think was mad, though I killed it immediately. I had no suspicion till the Fourth of July, when I felt a sharp pain start from the wound and extend to the back of my neck and to my face. This would last but a moment, and return at intervals, each time getting worse.

"Having heard much of the virtues of the mad-stone, I at once made inquiries for one, and on Wednesday evening was told that a gentleman named Turner Evans, of Iowa City, had one. At 11 o'clock that night I left this place for your city, but owing to the flood in Cedar river did not get through until noon next day.

"We learned that some years ago a Mr. Evans had treated some cases in Iowa City, and by searching old newspaper files it was ascertained that his residence then was Paris, Linn county.

"Telegrams were sent to Marion and Center Point, and I was finally put on the track to Paris, where I found Messrs. Evans & Co., who have the mad-stone. This was on Saturday, eight days after the bite. About 5 o'clock p. m. that day the stone was applied.

"The first application of the stone proved that the dog which bit me was mad, and that my system was becoming impregnated with the virus.

"The stone held on twenty-five minutes the first time, when it was full, changed color and fell off. Another scarification was made and it was again applied, and so on until it had been applied seventy-three times, holding on each time from twenty-five minutes to one hour, until at last repeated efforts showed the remedy had done its work, for it would adhere no more, which is indicated by its failure to stick, and its change in color from a natural dark brown to a deep green color.

"At the first application it was very painful, but grew less so each time until the last.

"The owners of the stone, Messrs. Evans & Fleming, live near Paris, Linn county, and in the past twenty-five years have saved many persons from the horrible death by hydrophobia, and have in the same time rescued thousands of dollars' worth of stock from loss by the same cause.

"If anyone says there is no virtue in the mad-stone, let him be referred to me and hundreds of others for proof that there *is*."

Cremation—A Case in South Carolina.

A letter from Marion, S. C., says: Mr. Henry Berry, whose remains were given to the flames in Marion county, a few days ago, was possessed of considerable means, owning about 20,000 acres of land, and having in bank between $15,000 and $20,000. About fifteen years ago he had occasion to take up the dead bodies of two children, and, seeing their condition, vowed then that when he died his body should be burned instead of buried. He accordingly made his will, dividing his property out among his children, but inserting a proviso that his body, after death, should be burned, and, in case it was not, the whole of his estate was to go to a church near by, the one at which he worshiped. Some time ago he took a member of his family into a piece of woods near the house and pointed out to him the exact place where he desired to be burned, and also the trees which he desired cut down and used for the purpose. Last Monday he died at the age of 80 years, and his body was put in a plain box (as he had directed, and the size of which he had given), and hauled in a cart, drawn by a mule, to this place. He had provided that $500 be given to William Hureling, a mulatto, to whom he was much attached, for superintending the burning. Six logs of pitch pine were put on the ground, and on these, forming two tiers, were laid five other logs. Lightwood was piled about on the logs, and at the head, foot and sides of the box containing the body. The whole height of the funeral pyre was ten or twelve feet. Several male members of the old man's family were present, and a number of negroes, but, considering the occasion, the crow was small. Torches were applied simultaneously, and with a good deal of agitation, to the four corners of the pyre, and when our informant left the scene the fat wood was burning and blazing and cracking. The old man had directed that his ashes should mingle with those of the wood, and all be blown away together.

The Christian Cause in Turkey.

If any plan presents itself whereby the fall of Turkey would not lead to the immediate aggrandizement of Russia, then the sooner Turkey falls the better. Preferable to any plan is some natural movement in which the young and vigorous disposes of what is rotten, and such movements we are witnessing in the uprising of the Christian races of European Turkey. They are the ancient owners of the soil. Their ancestors lived there a thousand years before the Turks crossed the Bosphorus. The right of the Turks to possession is one which is only respectable so long as it can be made good. It is a right which was created by the sword, and which has never been consecrated by anything better. We have all been conquered at one time or another, but, whereas in other countries the conquerors have become merged in the mass of the conquered, and the systems they established have been modified to suit the requirements of after ages, in European Turkey the conquerors have always stood apart as a ruling caste, keeping sole possession of the sword, and denying to the mass of the people every right except that of being misgoverned. Such an attitude is a standing challenge to the oppressed races to reassert their moral rights, and recover political possession of the land which has always been theirs. The evils caused by the struggle may be great, but they are not greater than the evils which have all along been silently endured, while they contain the promise of emancipation and the manifold blessings which follow in the wake of freedom.—*Manchester Examiner.*

THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I go down to the sea,
Where the waves speak to me
Of my darling, the soul of my soul;
But her footprints no more
Mark the desolate shore,
Where she tempted the billows to roll.

There the sad billows break,
Like my heart for her sake,
On the lonely and desolate shore;
For the waves and the sea
Are now sighing with me,
For a mortal, now mortal no more.

With my heart filled with tears,
And my hopes chilled with fears,
By the grave of my darling I knelt;
And I uttered a prayer
On the listening air,
Whose dew wept the sorrow I felt.

There the winds wove a shroud
Of a dim passing cloud,
Betwixt me and the bright stars above;
And the form in its fold,
Like the shape under mold,
Was the form of the angel I love.

Would that I were a flower,
Born of sunshine and shower;
I would grow on the grave of the dead,
I would sweeten the air
With the perfume of prayer,
Till my soul on its incense had fled.

And I never would fade
In the delicate shade
Of the tree in whose shadow she lies;
There my petals should bloom,
By her white rural tomb,
When the stars closed their beautiful eyes.

Now I see her in dreams
On the banks of the streams,
In the dear land of exquisite bliss,
Where the sweep of her wings,
And the song that she sings,
Oft awake me to sadness in this.

Wit and Humor.

A POOR place for a hungry pig—The trough of the sea.

THE tree that bears the most fruit for market is the axle-tree.

WHEN is a scheme like a third of a yard? When it's a-foot.

PAWNBROKERS generally prefer customers without redeeming qualities.

A DEALER in water-coolers, etc., advertises "Iceware." Well, this weather is enough to make any man swear.

IT was a printer who perpetrated this double-barreled, breech-loading punconnundrum: Why is an old man's farm in Texas like the focus of a sun-glass? Because it's the place where the sons raise meat.

"I'D like you to help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself," said the proprietor angrily. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whisky and two loaves of bread and disappeared.

AN Irishman went to the theater for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses, he asked, "An' what piece do yez play nixt?"

"I'm going to die!" says the Widder Bean,
"I'm going to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me;
Nobody can let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
Swearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks,
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself,
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf."

His teeth began to chatter over the ice cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped up from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming, "Whoopee! Plenty cold grub! No cooke nuff! Fleeze Chinaman all same like ice wagon."

THE Paris *Figaro* is responsible for this: "It was a bereaved miser, who, after composing a long epitaph for his wife, suppressed it altogether, and said: 'It's too expensive; put on the gravestone a few tears.' 'Very well,' replied the artist; 'say three tears, like this—!!!' 'Heavens, no! Three tears when I have only two eyes? Absurd! Two will be plenty.'"

A BRIGHT little woman was expatiating on the merits of her patent corsets to Jury No. 8 of the Centennial Exposition. "Madame," exclaimed Dietzmannae, a smart French juryman, "what is the especial merit you claim for this corset?" "The fit, Monsieur!" "But we cannot tell how it fits. What proof have we of that?" The little woman flared right up. "Why," she retorted, "you don't mean to say you want me to try them on?" "Madame," said the juryman, without a smile, "*Justice* is blind."

THE other day a thunder-storm passed around the city to the north, no rain falling, although lightning could be seen and thunder heard. A slim-waisted man, a satchel in one hand and a pair of boots in the other, had been strolling around for half an hour, and he seemed greatly perplexed over the wet streets. He looked from street to sky and back, grumbled to himself, and at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street came across a street-sprinkler. He caught the idea in an instant, and gesturing at the driver called out: "You might as well put that old squirter up, for I know your trick. If you think you can make me believe there's been a shower here you're throwing stones at the wrong dog!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Waste Tobacco.

Tobacco is boiled at the Richmond Cavendish Company's bonded works in Liverpool to make a wash for sheep. As much as 28 cwt. has been boiled down on the premises in a single day, and on one occasion the Mersey river authorities were put to much perplexity and trouble by the difficulty of sinking a mass of refuse which had been sent out to sea and persisted in floating back with the incoming tide. There were about 50 tons of it, and days passed before it could be induced to disappear. The decoction of tobacco is adulterated with sulphate of copper, turpentine and salt, as soon as it is cool, and the exhausted leaf partially destroyed (desiccotized) with quicklime before leaving the boiling house, under the direction of the customs. This prevents either the waste or the refuse from being used in tobacco manufacture afterward. Each gallon of the sheep-wash contains the essence of 24 oz. of strong American leaf. The preparation, which is allowed to be sold free of duty, has found favor not only among breeders of sheep, but among agriculturists and gardeners, as an effective vermin destroyer.—*John Dunning, in Journal of Applied Chemistry.*